

# THE CINCINNATI STAR

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THERE is no special reason why John G. Thompson should over-exert himself in the interest of Saylor for Speaker.

PATRIOTISM will boil to-morrow with the aid of a scorching sun and a profusion of the most improved fireworks.

YOUNG AMERICA dates the Fourth of July from noon of the 31 to the morning of the 5th, and makes it lively as well as long.

The latest genuine humor promulgated by the Chicago Tribune consists in speaking of Queen Victoria as "the widow Guelph." Funny, isn't it?

EVERY foreign steamer now goes out freighted with tourists for Europe. Few of these people have ever seen anything of their own country except in the immediate vicinity of their homes.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD claims to know that the United States has a mistress of its Executive Mansion who "absolutely will not talk gossip." Has the eloquent and graceful Miss Frances been trying her?

If that solitary Colorado beetle discovered by a Cologne butcher has become an object of such importance, what would the effete monarchs of the Old World do with a good-sized swarm of modern grasshoppers?

THE editors that are Postmasters feel keenest the force of the President's order prohibiting office-holders from manipulating political meetings. A Postmaster-editor that is not allowed to help the boys set 'em up considers his existence worse than a barren ideality.

THE Winnebago County (Ill.) fair people are almost equal to Barium for securing rare curiosities. Last year the whole country was for months kept informed of their negotiations with Mr. Jefferson Davis, and for this fall they have secured Gov. Wade Hampton and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

DR. MARY E. WALKER writes to the New York Sun that forged invitations to the wedding of a distinguished gentleman and herself have been issued for the Fourth of July in Washington. We can't help using a stereotyped phrase by saying that the distinguished gentleman has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

THE Chicago papers are all in a muss about the Inter-Ocean paying its editors. The I.-O. claims that it does, while the other papers insist it does not. We are not posted, and moreover remember that it is entirely a matter between the I.-O. people and their editors. But if they do not pay, they get some first-class pieces of work done for nothing.

A TENNESSEE paper says: "The cashier of a bank at Knoxville can't tell where the funds of the bank went to, but several persons can easily tell where the cashier will go to." The positive tone of the paragraph speaks well for Tennessee justice. It would be hard to tell in most places where the Cashier would go. In Chicago he would most likely go to the seaside for recreation or to the State Legislature.

THE London Times complains of the unnecessary requirements of the English Chancery Courts in the matter of spelling, and cites a case where a client was kept out of his money a month because a clerk left out a "u" in the spelling of a word. It is unnecessary to observe that there is no rule in the courts of this country requiring lawyers to spell correctly. One of the rights of this free country is that of a lawyer to spell as he pleases or as he can.

THE system of hohobbling with their opponents to carry out their personal schemes, which is practiced here to such an extent by the backers of Wetzel and Wable, is not confined to Cincinnati. The Graphic, referring to New York and Brooklyn, remarks on this subject: "The Republican Federal office-holders, unable to increase the number of their rank and file, have not scrupled at critical periods to have secret understandings with the Democratic leaders. At the last election, for instance, it was an open and notorious fact that Tammany Hall could have been beaten by a combination of the disaffected Democrats, the Reformers and the Republicans, but the Federal office-holders made a dicker with Tammany Hall and General John A. Dix was run for Mayor for the express purpose of putting Tammany into local possession of the City Government. The persons who represent the Republican party in office in this city and Brooklyn are about as sorry specimens of tooth-rattle politicians as the country can show."

## WOMEN DOCTORS.

Charles Reade's clever and manly chapter on the woman doctors in Edinburgh so pleased diverse students of the Woman's Medical College, of New York City, that last week they wrote him a little letter of thanks. He has replied in the following characteristic note:

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES—Nothing in the way of comment on my labors has given me so much pleasure as the encouraging words Miss White has been good enough to pen me, and you have done me too honor to do so. It is very generous of you; for in your own persons you owe me nothing; your battle is won without my help. The female students of America have encountered opposition in every form, but have conquered, thanks to their own fortitude and the character of their nation, which is too brave, chivalrous and just to persist in siding with the strong against the weak, and with cliques against a sex. Here it is not so. Your English sisters are far fewer in number, and inferior in ability and courage, and their foes are pig-headed beyond belief. Our American women need a champion. Were I twenty years younger, I think I could fight the battle out for them. But my age, and an intermittent but chronic and most exhausting cough, have made me less able to sustain long strife than I used to be. Nevertheless, I assure you that on reading your kindmissive I felt your young blood glow in my veins, and that I could die like Jacobeth, with 'harness on my back,' or like Samson himself, in the very act of pulling down some stronghold of time-honored iniquity. I now take the privilege of my age, and send you my love, as well as my esteem and sympathy, and say you, and your heart, health, happiness, and success, and do just respect of your fellow-citizens. I am, Miss White and ladies, your very faithful servant, CHARLES READE."

AN AFRICAN BELLE IN FULL COSTUME. In one tribe through whose territory he passed after leaving Tanganyika, Lieut. Cameron found the women much more regarded than is usual among Africans, and consequently they were more fashionable than the rest of the world in that happy country. One of the belles of the country is thus described in Cameron's journal: "She is a merry sort of person, this Mrs. Pakwanya, and really lady-like in her manners. It was great fun showing her a looking-glass."

"She had never seen one before, and was half afraid of it, and asbanded to look at it with a very nervous body, double rows of cowrie shells round her head, beaded copper, iron and ivory ornaments stuck in her hair, and just above and in front of each ear a tassel of red and white beads. A large necklace of shells was round her neck, and around her waist a string of opal-colored bangles, and a rope made of strings of red beads. Her front apron was a leopard skin, and the rear one of colored grass skin, with its fringe-strung with beads, and cowries sewed on it in a pattern; bright iron rings were round her ankles, and copper and ivory bracelets on her arms. Her hair was parted in a little bun in front of her head, and three tresses, each about a quarter of an inch wide, were painted blue. The nearest one to her hair was red, the next black, and the next white; and, to crown all, she was freshly anointed with oil and looked sleek and sultry. Her upper lip was perforated, and a piece of bone inserted until the hole protruded a couple of inches, giving a hideous expression to the face and making her articulation quite indistinct."

## CAPTURING SEA LIONS.

Among the arrivals from the West yesterday were sixteen sea lions, under the care of Captain Mullet, the general trapping-agent of the New York and Coney Island Aquariums. They were all in excellent condition, although somewhat noisy, and, while being transported to the wagons which were to convey them from the Hudson River Railroad freight depot to their destination, were observed by many observers, children and boys. The sea lions, among them a female and her young cub, "a very amiable cuss," occupied cages in a special car which left San Francisco ten days ago. For the use of this the proprietors of the Aquarium pay \$150, exclusive of the regular freight tariff, which is several hundred dollars. Two of the sea lions are to be forwarded to the Brighton Aquarium, England; two go to the Paris Acclimatization Society, two go to Amsterdam, and two to the aquarium at Berlin. The others, including the cub and its dam, will be divided between the New York Aquarium and the recently established at Coney Island.

Capt. Mullet enjoys the distinction of having superintended the capture of every sealion exhibited in the world. He was employed by the Aquarium Company to provide a certain number of these animals for their establishment, and with carte blanche as to conditions. He went to California, where he selected from among the rancheros fifteen of the most expert lariat throwers, whom he took to the Pacific coast of Lower California, the expedition starting from San Francisco on the 31st of March. Several days were spent in waiting for the sea lions, and when appearing on the rocks, on the rocks. When a drove was sighted, their rendezvous was watched till the animals were asleep. At daybreak the hunters crept noiselessly to the edge of the water, and a lion was lassoed. The tightening of the cord around his neck awakened the lion, and a spring snare was cast to the loop of his lasso over the animal's flippers. Still another man was needed to secure the lion's tail, and in most cases the capture of the beast required the earnest efforts of fifteen men. While two of the Mexicans were placing a lasso over the tail of a very large male lion he gave it a jerk, and one of the men, named Lopez, was hurled over the embankment to two rocks below, and was killed. The other men refused to go near the sea lion, and the Captain was compelled to attempt lassoing the tail himself. While doing this the sea lion turned and hit the Captain on the shoulder, crushing the bone. When a lion was securely bound, he was lifted into a cage, which was placed in the water. This, in turn, was towed to the vessel in waiting and taken aboard. When the requisite number of lions had been captured the ship sailed to San Francisco, and the animals were transferred to nine special cars. [N. Y. Sun.]

Lord Truro called the attention of the British Government on June 11 to the recent highway robberies on Blackheath, and Lord Beauchamp, in reply, was compelled to admit that there had been several outrages in that district. The carriage of Mr. Hodgson had been stopped, and he had been forced to give up his purse to two robbers. Two men in dark clothes had attempted to stop another carriage, but the coachman had pulled his whip and escaped. Two men called on another coachman, and burst in the car but the day before.

"I'm going to take you through like lightning," said Dirk Waterman, looking down upon his victim with triumph. "I've got friends in Pemberton, you see, and they'll be uncommon glad to look

## FAME AND DUTY.

What shall I do, best life in silence pass? "And if it do, And never prompt the busy of noisy brass; What needest thou rest? Remember, some day I shall be as mute; The mellow coars; Worth is the owl—fame is but the brute Along the shore."

What shall I do for ever known? "Thy duty ever." This did full many who yet slept unknown. "Thy duty ever." Think! at that, perchance, that they remain unknown. Whom thou knowest not? By angel trump in heaven their praise is blown—Divine their lot."

What shall I do, an heir of endless life? "Discharge aright The simple dues with which each day is rife, Thy duty ever." Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise Will life be thine. While he who ever acts as conscience cries, Shall live, though dead. —From the German of Schiller.

## CABOOSE NUMBER FOUR.

Larry Hallan closed the windows of his caboose when the first drops of rain fell, and entered the depot for the purpose of getting a bite before going up. He was a man of six and twenty, a thorough railroader, and a favorite with his superiors. It was rumored that he would soon leave the road to take unto himself a wife, and one who was high over him had said when he heard the report:

"That's the way it has been going with us. When a man can't be spared, he gets married, and bids us farewell for a humdrum life. Wish we could break up Hallan's foolish match; we can't spare the boy!"

But Larry kept his own counsels concerning future actions, and smiled when the words of the bachelor roadmaster reached his ears. "I'm going to rain," said the restaurateur to Larry, as he cracked the shells of two hard-boiled eggs on the counter. "Big drops are coming down now," replied the caboose conductor. "We will have a lonely run of it. Mansfield is not going up tonight, I guess."

Mansfield was a commercial drummer who carried up the road to Pemberton. "Haven't seen him about yet. Don't think he's in the place." Larry ate a moment in silence and then spoke again. "Any news?" "Nothing in particular, only that Dirk Waterman has been put into jail here. They talked so strongly about lynching him over in Xenia, that the authorities, fearing for his life, were obliged to remove him. They lodged him in jail here one day last week, and he is as docile as a kitten. I guess he'll get a long term, but, as for hanging—well, that's a question. A bad man seldom gets his just dues, nowadays. No reflection on Judge Meeker, Larry."

"Of course not, Charles," replied Larry. "Justice seems to sleep. But he will awake before long; then look out. But our jail is not overlarge, I understand."

"That's so, but it will hold Dirk Waterman. He is afraid to trust himself at large in a country where his face and crime are so well known, and I assure you, Larry, that he is content to remain in jail."

Larry Hallan finished his late lunch, and took the cigar that the restaurateur handed over the counter, with his compliments. "Ten, with an interchange of good nights, the men separated. On the track just without the station stood the train destined for Pemberton, a town of importance thirty-six miles up the road. The "make up" comprised six freight, and, not heavily loaded, but with a lighter train than Larry had ever been called to run.

"We've got a faster train to night," the engineer said to him, with a smile. "We could run into Pemberton before the passenger ran out, but I suppose we'll have to switch as usual at Peterson."

"Certainly," returned Larry. "We have waited on that old switch in the rain before tonight. Maybe it will clear off."

"Not in twenty minutes," grumbled Perden, the engineer, and a moment later the great iron wheels began to revolve.

Larry sat down in the caboose and fastened the fire; then he folded his arms and leaned back against the side of the car.

The speed of the train was gradually increasing, and he could see the lights in many windows, when the door opened, and a man, dripping wet, and with a ferocious look, walked in.

The young fireman, who started at a pale cry over his face when he looked into the blue-shut eyes of the man who might prove one of the wickedest passengers a conductor ever carried. The wet garments worn by the man highlighted his ill appearance, and his cleanly shaven face could not conceal the fact that he might recognize his passenger in the beard and remained, and he began to conjecture whom he might be.

"Bad night," the man said, throwing himself upon a cushion opposite Larry. That voice startled the conductor, and betrayed his visitor. The former now knew that he sat face to face with Dirk Waterman, the man whose diabolical crime had shocked the State. Waterman, a short time prior to his arrest, had been discharged from the service of a well-known line of railway. Exasperated with his deserved treatment, he deliberately obstructed the track one dark October night, and buried a train when a steep embankment into a rocky gorge. Many persons were killed outright by the catastrophe, others maimed for life, and the revenge of one man satisfied.

He was apprehended by the sheriff and sent to jail, there to await his trial. The people of Xenia determined to take the law into their own hands. They attacked the jail, but the sheriff and his deputies baffled them by conveying the prisoner by a secret post to Piqua, a town in an adjoining county.

The voice of Larry Hallan's unexpected passenger told him that he was Dirk Waterman, who had without doubt lately escaped from the county jail.

"It is, indeed, a bad night," Larry answered. "Where are you going?"

"To Pemberton. You run very slowly."

"We are in no hurry; we switch at Peterson's for the down passenger."

"Couldn't you get to Pemberton before we moved off?"

"Don't know never tried it?"

"Well, we'll try it to-night," said Waterman, quizzically, and the next instant Larry was in his grasp. The young conductor struggled manfully, but without avail. The murderer's strength was too great for him, and he soon found himself helpless on the floor of the car. Larry, who had been told that the man was a desperado, and who had heard that he had purchased for use in the car but the day before.

"I'm going to take you through like lightning," said Dirk Waterman, looking down upon his victim with triumph. "I've got friends in Pemberton, you see, and they'll be uncommon glad to look

into my phiz again. I'm sure you can't move, and if I didn't know that you're going to marry Anne Clarke some day, I may be accused if I wouldn't treat you to a drink. They gave me this in Piqua—my friends did; and he thrust his shining revolver into Larry's face as he spoke. "Oh! you see a fellow must be uncommon bad to lose all his friends."

The young conductor said nothing, but he looked up into the devilish face of the man who stood over him. "I'm going forward to bury Tom up," said Waterman, and with a mock bow of departure the villain left the caboose, closing the door after him.

The silence that seemed to fall about Larry was dreadful. He did not hear the rumble of the cars, nor the patter of the rain on the roof and against the windows. The silence of death seemed to hang over him, and he waited for the pistol shot that should slay Tom Kye at his post. He knew that the villain was a thorough engineer, and believed that he would shoot over it. In the transition from one grave to another he was obliged to abstract one of the toe-bones, and this he brought back with him to London as a precious relic. Upon his arrival in England Ellison and several of the Drury Lane company went as far as Barret to meet him.

When he arrived at the hotel where he was to stay, he stopped at the greetings with, "Before you say a word, bend! Fall down and kiss the relief! This is the toe-bone of the great-est creature that ever walked the earth—of George Frederick Cooke. Com- down with you all and kiss the bone! Ellison, to honor him, dropped upon his knees and kissed the relic, and the others followed his example.

Arriving home Kean's first words to his wife were, "I have brought Charles a fortune. I have something that the Directors of the British Museum would give £10,000 for; but they shall have it. Here it is, the toe-bone of the greatest man that ever lived—George Frederick Cooke. Now, observe! I put this on the mantel-piece, but let no one dare to touch it. You may all look at it, at a distance, but be sure no one presumes to handle it." Here it lay for months, an object of pride to the possessor, who never failed to point it out to his visitors.

But Mrs. Kean, far from sharing her husband's satisfaction, held the relic in disgust. One day, resolved to no longer endure its sight, she caught hold of it with a piece of paper and threw it over the wall into the next garden.

That night Kean returned, as was his wont, very late. He had passed a bad night. He was stormy, fumed, and scolded every likely and unlikely spot. At last the conviction was forced upon him that it was gone. Sinking into a chair he exclaimed, with drunken faculty-moments, "Mary, your son has lost a fortune. He was worth £10,000; now he is a beggar!" It may be remarked that in Kean's contrivance to extract a toe-bone, how was it that he did not discover the corpse to be headless? Mr. P. O'Connell, however, vouches for the truth of the story, but considers it to be doubtful whether the body exhumed was really that of Cooke.—[Temple bar.]

The speed of the train visibly increased, and it seemed to fly like an arrow over the dark road. "Faster!" yelled Dirk Waterman, and Tom Kye clenched his teeth, and threw more power into the limbs of the iron monster. His fireman, appalled at the speed of the train, crouched in one corner of the little engine-room, powerless to feed the furnace and weak as a child.

On, at the rate of a mile a minute, in the lights of Pemberton became visible. As the engine rounded a curve which had hidden the city from sight, a dark form dropped from a car lightly upon the tender.

Dirk Waterman did not see it, so intently was he watching the engineer, and covered his revolver. The man for a moment was unprepared for fear, and the light of the stars fell upon an iron rod that glistened in his hands.

He stepped a few feet behind the railing and raised his novel weapon—the poker belonging to the caboose's stove. The next instant it descended with crushing force upon Waterman's unprotected head, and he fell to ward with a smothered groan and lay at Tom Kye's feet.

"Slack! slack!" cried the victor, springing from the tender. "Slack, for Heaven's sake! The passenger is moving out! Don't you hear me?" The engineer did not need the command, for his hands were already on the lever, and when the train stood still, quivering like a leaf, twenty feet behind the engine and the down-train loaded with passengers.

Dirk Waterman was found to be quite dead, and the people said that he had met the fate he richly merited. I am sure that the speed of the train at the moment of Waterman's death is the exact record, and Larry was wont to declare that the wheels did not seem to touch the rails.

Shortly after the adventure he left Caboose No. 4 wedded his sweetheart, and returned to the road promoted to the conductorship of a magnificent passenger train. To this day he often tells his friends near the scene of his crime that the wild yell of Dirk Waterman's escape from him.

THINGS which a loving wife would scruple to utter at times when private misgivings got the better of political indignation, might appropriately be suggested by a confidential servant in those delicate moments when a hero sits with a napkin round his neck, and his face covered with father. Grasping the great ear of the hero, and pushing his factor, the valet might gibberily remark: "So the people are grumbling. Alas! Alas! Well, well, they are a discontented lot, who never know what's good for them."

"All the same, I had the honor of governing them, [ere a gentle dour in the mouth with the shaving brush] to prevent the hero from answering—I I concerned them I should just hang Bonaparte at their heads and have done with it. \* \* \* My impression is that this would silence them, [lab] though nothing else will unless you give me a Republic in earnest, which is of course out of the question. [Dab] Steady, please, M. le Maréchal, or we shall sink our own ship. Going to the pet-tomer's yesterday to buy this soap, I told 'em the last didn't latter as it ought, but they told me that politics were the cause of it, for trade was going to the dogs. \* \* \* That's the old story, \* \* \* and there was a barber in the shop who said that if M. le Maréchal would have himself proclaimed Emperor we should all dance in a ring, and be happy, but I laughed, [lab dab] and replied that Monsieur wasn't made of the wood out of which they cut monarchs. [lab] 'Lor! bless you,' said I, 'the Maréchal wants to die comfortably in bed in his mansion of the Rue Beillevue, instead of perishing on a guillotine as exile among the fogs of the Thames; and I flatter myself that I spoke wisely, eh, Monsieur?'"

A MOUSE'S STRATAGEM. Yesterday afternoon the writer witnessed a strange sight in the Record office. Our attention was attracted by several rusty squeaks from the inside of a wall, almost full of water, into which a half-grown mouse had fallen. The animal had evidently tried to get out, but more mice appeared on the scene, and began clambering to the top edge of the wall. For several moments after gaining the top of the wall and catching sight of the mouse in the water, a squeaking confab was held.

First one mouse and then another would climb to the rim of the bucket and touch the water with his nose, squeak out either consolation or advice to the immersed; but while all this was going on the swimming power of the unfortunate mouse in the pool were rapidly giving out. At last a happy thought seemed to strike the biggest mouse in the crowd, and almost without a squeak he firmly fastened his fore feet to the edge of the wall and let his body and tail hang down. The drowning mouse saw it, and making a last desperate effort for life, swam to the spot, seized the tail of his brother mouse, and amid squeaks of delight from all the mice present, was hauled high and dry out of the water and over the edge of the bucket.—[Columbian Record.]

A RELIC. Kean was a great admirer of Cooke, and when he was in New York visited his grave. Finding it without a memorial stone, he had the body taken up, removed to another place, and a handsome monument placed over it. In the transition from one grave to another he was obliged to abstract one of the toe-bones, and this he brought back with him to London as a precious relic. Upon his arrival in England Ellison and several of the Drury Lane company went as far as Barret to meet him.

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